

The second part of

Mess. At Billingsgate my Lord.

Falst. I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

Lord Come all his forces backe?

Mess. No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Falst. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Lord You shall haue letters of me presently,
Come, go along with me, good maister Gower.

Falst. My lord.

Lord Whats the matter?

Falstaffe Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with mee to
dinner?

Gower I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you
good sir Iohn.

Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take souldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

Falstaffe Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?

Lord What foolish maister taught you these manners, sir
Iohn?

Falstaffe Maister Gower, if they become me not, hee was a
foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my
Lord, tap for tap, and so part faire.

Lord Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

Enter the Prince, Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with other.

Prince Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poynes Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst not
haue attacht one of so hie blood.

Prince Faith it does me, though it discolors the complexi-
on of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not shew vildly
in me, to desire small beere?

Poynes Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as
to remember so weake a composition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for
by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature smal beere.
But

Henry the fourth.

But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue
with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember
thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how
many paire of silke stockings thou hast with these, and those
that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of
thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that
the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb
of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou
hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low Coun-
tries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those
that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom:
but the Midwiues say, the children are not in the fault where-
vpon the world increafes, and kinreds are mightily strengthe-
ned.

Poynes How ill it followes, after you haue labored so hard,
you should talke so ydly! tell me how many good yong prin-
ces would doe so, their fathers being so sicke, as yours at this
time is.

Prince Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

Poynes Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding
then thine.

Poynes Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you
will tell.

Prince Mary I tell thee. it is not meete that I should bee sad
now my father is sicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it
pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad,
and sad indeede too.

Poynes Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prince By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels
booke, as thou and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistancie,
let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inward-
ly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as
thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sor-
rowe.

Poynes The reason.

Prince.